

T H E

105/15

Country Farmer's Garland,

Containing two Excellent

New Songs.

I. The young Farmer's Courtship to a Lady.

II. *Willy's Ramble.*



Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.



The Country Farmer's Garland, &c.

The Farmer's Courtship to a beautiful young Lady.

He.] SWEET Nelly, my Hearts Delight,
Be loving, and do not slight

These Proffers I make

For your Modesty's Sake,

And I'll honour your Beauty bright ;

For Love I protest

I can do no less,

Since my Favour you have so won.

She.] O do not dare

To speak so fair,

As if I were

At my last Prayer,

For to marry a Farmer's Son.

He] My Jewel, my dear Turtle Dove,
I to you most constant will prove,

For your charming Eyes,

My Heart doth surprize,

And I swear by the Powers above,

I ever will be

My Dear, true to thee,

If I may thy Favour win.

Both Land and Kine,

And all shall be thine,

If thou wilt incline

To be but mine,

And marry a Farmer's Son.

She.] I

She.] I value not your Cattle nor your Store,
Your Riches I never would adore,
Therefore cannot hear
I'd have you forbear,
And I pray, Sir, come near me no more,
For I am a Lady gay,
It is well known I may,
Have some great Lord of high Renown,
Therefore I say to you,
Without more ado,
Court *Kate, Nancy, or Sue,*
Sweet Bridget, and Prue,
Their Favour may sooner be won.

He.] My Father has Riches great Store,
Three hundred a Year or more,
Besides Sheep and Cows,
Carts, Harrows, and Ploughs,
And his Age is above threescore;
And when he does die,
Then merrily I
Shall enjoy what he has won,
Both Land and Kine,
All shall be thine,
If thou'll incline
For to be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

She.] A Fig for our Cattle and Corn,
Your proffered Love I scorn,
'Tis known very well,
My Name it is *Nell,*
And you're but a Bumpkin born.

He.] Well,

He.] Well, if it be so,
 Then away I will go,
 And I hope no Harm is done;
 Farewel, adieu,
 I hope to woo,
 As good as you,
 And win her too,
 Though I am but a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady believe me now,
 I solemnly swear and vow,
 No Lords in their Lives,
 Take Pleasure in Wives,
 Like Fellows that follow the Plow;
 For Labour and Pains,
 Wherever they gain,
 They don't to Harlots run,
 As Courtiers do,
 I never knew
 A City Beau
 That could out-do
 A Country Farmer's Son.

She.] Pray in such Haste don't be,
 Perhaps we may still agree,
 For, Man, I protest,
 I was but in Jest,
 Come, prithee, sit down by me;
 For the Art of a Man,
 That verily can
 Perform what must be done,
 Both stately and tall,
 Genteel withal,

There-

Therefore I shall
Be at your Call,
And marry the Farmer's Son.



WILLY's *Ramble to London.*

IF she will not marry me,
And if she will not marry me,
Shall I lie down and die for that?
The De'il a Foot I'll warrant ye.

*So green grows the Rasches, O,
So green grows the Rasches, O,
The Feather Bed is not so soft
As the Bellies of the Lasses, O.*

And since she will not marry me,
And since she will not marry me,
I'll rove about among the Maids,
And soon get one as good as she.

So green grows, &c.

'Tis where shall we be merry, O?
And where will we be merry, O?
At Derry, if you will but go,
A Mile beyond the Ferry, O?

So green grows, &c.

Will you drink Sack and Sherry, O?
Will you drink Sack and Sherry, O?

For

For I have got three Maids with Child,
Lately come to *Derry*, O,
So green grows, &c.

Farewel to *Kate* and *Nanny*, O;
Farewel to my pretty *Molly*, O,
I take Delight both Day and Night,
To kiss my pretty *Nelly*, O.
So green grows, &c.

When my Money it did fail,
And when my Money it did fail,
I thought to go along with her,
To *Innerard* I did set Sail.
So green grows, &c.

Innerard Maids are frank and free,
Innerard Maids are frank and free,
When my Money was all gone,
I was supply'd by two or three.
So green grows, &c.

Innerard Ale is fine and strong,
Innerard Ale is fine and strong,
And there I got a pretty Wench
To embrace me e'er 'twas long.
So green grows, &c.

Her Name was pretty *Peggy*, O,
Her Name was pretty *Peggy*, O,

She

She was brisk and gay, like Flowers in *May*,
As fair as any Cherry, O.

So green grows, &c.

Mary was a pretty Maid,
Mary was a pretty Maid,
At last her Belly it grew big,
You may believe the Truth is said.

So green grows, &c.

Ah! Wo is me since *Willy's* gone,
Ah! Wo is me since *Willy's* gone,
And left me here to make my Moan,
I ne'er shall love another Man.

So green grows, &c.

To *Bellar-maner* Town I came,
And there I met a Buxom Dame,
She call'd for Wine courageously,
And, when we'd done, paid for the same.

So green grows, &c.

Her Name was pretty *Nanny* O,
Her Name was pretty *Nanny* O,
Her milk-white Skin and dimpled Chin,
Her Cheeks like any Cherry O.

So green grows, &c.

You roving Boys behave like me,
You roving Boys behave like me,

For I can go from Town to Town,
And never cost me a Penny.

So green grows, &c.

For roving *Willy* is my Name,
For roving *Willy* is my Name,
I'm all in Prime and well inclin'd,
And all the Girls can tell the same.

So green grows, &c.

Some call me roving *John*,
Some call me ranting *John*,
When I am in my Country O,
My Name is roving *Willy*, O.

So green grows the Rashes,
So green grows the Rashes,
The Feather Bed is not so soft
As the Bellies of the Lasses.

F I N I S.



